THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

Vol. I.] *THURSDAY, MAY* 5, 1808. [No. 18.

Whare I kill ane a fair-strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to take my aith
That *Horn-book's* skill,
Has clad a score in their last claith,
By drap and pill. BURNS.

PERHAPS on no subject are men so dangerously imposed upon, as that of physic; and assuredly in none are they more deeply interested. While we are permitted by the RULER of the universe to sojourn here, that from which we derive the greatest pleasure is health; to preserve it, is our duty; and to injure it, in any respect, a crime; this will be granted by all, yet we pursue too often those practices which have either a direct tendency to shorten life or insure us a sickly old age.

Men in all ages, and justly too, have complained of wars; oh! what havoc has not war made in every nation among men; yet intemperance is a still greater destroyer; War has killed his thousand—Intemperance his ten thousand: To what but intemperance do we owe the thousand diseases with which we are afflicted? Intemperance in eating, drinking, cloathing, amusements, employment, gives rise to almost all our ailments, many of which, in the first instance, may be indeed very trifling, but by injudicious treatment, they increase in power, until the constitution, undermined by their influence, sinks, and death closes the scene.

In my opinion, men when afflicted with sickness, act very injudiciously—Have we a house to build? we seek for a carpenter well known for his honesty and skill in his business; if we have a suit depending at law, the most able counsel is sought for, and we are anxious to engage him in our cause,

nay, even the most trivial concern is not entrusted to one whom nobody knows, not even the mending of a pot or patching of a kettle; and yet, strange to tell, we place our health, nay, even our lives in the hands of, *not one whom nobody knows*, but *one* whom *every body* knows to be an illiterate creature, destitute of every qualification requisite to entitle him to even common respect. It has long been received in the world an uncontroverted truth, that Merit is diffident, Ignorance bold; Knowledge knows his own insufficiency; Ignorance sees nothing; but thinks he has what he does not possess, all possible intelligence. In my own observation, I have often seen a person afflicted with disease, and the most eminent physicians at a loss how to act; an ignorant quack is introduced, he knows all things, insures an immediate cure, the patient catches at the straw, the man of infinite pretensions prescribes—the specific is swallowed—and death terminates the sufferings of the patient.

Not many years ago, I became accidentally acquainted with a man famous for his nostrums, nay, he was moreover a descendant of ISHMAEL, a native Mussulman, skilled in herbs, and a convert to Christianity; to him all diseases were known; for each he had an *infallible* remedy; his list of cures was very long; he was in the Turkish army at the taking of Ishmael; had travelled through Russia, Germany, Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland, and this far in America, and swelled his list in every clime, and with names known in the church, in the army, at the bar—nay, lords and bishops stood on his certificates conspicuously—our newspapers declared his pretensions and cures; and patients attended him from the utmost extent of the Union; and yet, I can truly assert, that the man, on examination, was found to be not only ignorant of the nature of disease, but also unacquainted with the power of the medicine he himself used.

If this were a solitary instance, the consequences would be of little moment, but when we find, in every village, town and city in the union, that ignorant pretenders abound, is it not time for the citizens to unite their efforts in providing some remedy for so growing an evil? But it may be argued, that sometimes the empiric succeeds when the physician has failed; admitting the answer in its full force, still we are ignorant to what the cure is owing, nature may have exerted her own power, the medicine formerly given by the physician may have now efficaciously operated, or even the quack may

have administered something by accident that answered the grand purpose. Some time ago, a young man with whom I was well acquainted, was grievously afflicted with a sore leg; a physician, highly celebrated for his medical skill put him under a mercurial course, but still the sore continued without much alteration. An old woman was applied to, and by a few plasters of *her all-healing salve*, a complete cure was effected: Now, can any person judging rationally, attribute the cure to the old woman's salve? The system was changed, the humours corrected, and the whole body brought into a healthful state, by means of the judicious treatment he had received from his physician; yet the old woman received the credit.

Fellow citizens, are we justifiable to ourselves, our families, or society, thus to endanger our lives by quacks and quack-medicines? for so I style all the patent trash which so plentifully fill our shops. Examine the newspaper puffs of these things, and death itself is set at defiance; nay, so extravagant are these pretensions that I have often ran them over to find whether they would not publish some potion or pill to cure a ruined reputation, restore a lost fortune, to purge out the effects of criminality, and by a pill, implant moral rectitude.

In the physician who is a judicious practitioner, it must be laid down as a *sine qua non*, that he must be able to consider of his patient's habits, diet, amusements, the state of his fluids, irritability of his nervous system, he must also be able to take into the consideration pre-disposing causes, such as the state of the atmosphere, his situation, confined or otherwise, and from all these form an opinion, and then prescribe; but to do this is the empiric equal, who is as ignorant of the philosophy of disease as he is of learning? who has no pretensions to any fame but that built upon a nostrum which he applies indiscriminately to all diseases?

My friends, beware, the power of medicine is not known by a quack; you may from them receive drugs of such slow operation, that years may elapse ere their deleterious power is fully experienced. If a long course of study be necessary to prepare men, blest with the most extensive powers of mind, for the practice of physic, is it probable that one but a few steps above idiotism and without education can really be worthy of your patronage? Pause my friends—pause—discharge vain pretenders—better, much better will it be for you and your families not to employ any medical aid, than to place your lives in the power of a quack. OBADIAH OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE SPECTACLES.—No. XIII.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below. POPE.

WHEN ZENO consulted the oracle in what manner he should live, the answer was, "*Inquire of the dead.*" The importance of this monition is so little appreciated, that mankind, fearful of retrospection, commit the same imprudence over again, without regard to the consequent remorse. We dread reflection, and when bent on the attainment of some profitable object, act upon the impulse of the moment, and war against the loud prohibitions of conscience. Man is a rational being and so far endowed with prescience, that from causes he can always infer probable effects; yet, when his sense of duty comes in conflict with the encouragement of injurious passions, he suffers himself to be seduced, and becomes the weak engine of his sensuality; although convinced that the rash action he undertakes will cause bitter moments of repentance, he precipitates himself into misery, and when he looks back at his folly is surprised that he had not escaped from such evident delusion. We often suppose that were our lives to be passed again we should take advantage of the experience and knowledge we have gained, and use them to answer "the end of our being;" but this resolution would only be as durable as the temptations to violate it were distant; we are so frail that it requires nothing but a powerful incentive to err, and then we leave virtue with reluctance. Some indeed persist longer in doing right than others, and stronger temptations are necessary to force them from the paths of virtue, the cause is not their infallibility, but the deficiency in the inducement; even DEMOSTHENES was not proof against gold.

It is not less astonishing that man will engage in those pursuits that render him unfit for the enjoyment of social pleasures; intent upon devoting himself to the sacrifices of debauchery, he flies with avidity to the intoxicating draught, and over the pernicious bowl with his companions drinks in perpetual infamy, and indelible disgrace to his character.

AURELIUS was a worthy young man, accustomed to the circles of fashionable life, his heart expanded at the prospect of being able to relieve the wants of his fellow creatures, and prudence, for some time, guided his conduct; but AURELIUS,

in a fatal moment, was introduced to HILARIUS, and soon became infatuated with his seemingly agreeable companion; taught by him to suppose that happiness lay in pleasure, AURELIUS was easily pursuaded to partake in the nocturnal revels of HILARIUS and his associates, to become the accomplice in their debaucheries and the supporter of their loose principles: Led on by false protestations of friendship, he sacrificed his fortune to their wishes, and incumbered his estate to satisfy the demands of their creditors; but after AURELIUS became unable to support the expenses of a splendid table, a visible coldness clouded the face of his companions, and he received the mortifying intimation that his presence would be better supplied by one able to compensate their attention. AURELIUS indignantly left them, perplexed and irritated at their treachery, and determined thence forward to consult well the motives of those who profess an ardent attachment, and endeavour to ingratiate themselves by premature professions of friendship. To retrieve his fortune as well as to recover his lost reputation was now his utmost aim, he addressed the daughter of a wealthy and respectable merchant, who, he hoped, was ignorant of his late excess; but dissipation was too strongly imprinted on his countenance, and busy scandal found means to circulate his disgrace; thus baffled in the attempt to restore a character and fortune lost by the want of reflection, AURELIUS, borne down by the weight of his misery, lingered out a short and painful existence.

This tale, founded on fact, proves how necessary it is for man to use the utmost caution in the choice of associates, and an imprudent action, whether proceeding from inadvertence or guilt, cannot always be obliterated by repentance. T.

SELECTED.

THE DUELIST AND LIBERTINE RECLAIMED.

(concluded from page 203.)

AFTER shaking both his friends cordially by the hand, and expressing his satisfaction on seeing them in health, he took his leave, choosing rather to watch their motions, than discover his suspicions, or appear inquisitive.

He therefore followed them at a distance, and was soon convinced of the justness of what he had suspected. They no sooner arrived at the place where the modern votaries of hon-

our frequently meet to decide their disputes, than they began to make the necessary dispositions for the ensuing contest.—Horrid preparation!—The ground was marked, the pistols loaded, the first fire agreed on. Antonio's arm was raised in order to repair the injury done to the sister, by taking away the life of the brother.

At this moment, breathless with haste, Candidus arrived, and caught Antonio's arm.—His countenance, (though haste had deprived him of speech) strongly expressed his detestation of their proceedings. When he had recovered breath, he begged them to desist, and having enquired the cause of their quarrel, thus addressed himself to Antonio:—

"Think, my young friend, into what a gulf of wretchedness thy passions and erroneous notions are hurrying thee—perhaps before now, hadst thou not been prevented, the fatal decision might have taken place.—Suppose thou hadst proved victorious, and he, who was once, and but for thy own injustice would still have been thy friend, breathless at thy feet; would not conscience, that awful monitor, have awakened in thy bosom the keenest remorse? Would not thy soul have shuddered at such an addition to thy crimes?—Would not the world, even the fashionable world, have condemned thee?—And how wouldst thou have reconciled thyself to that offended BEING, to whom thou must one day render a just account of all thy actions, and from whom those actions will most surely meet either punishment or reward?—Though we are assured the mercy of GOD will not be denied to repenting sinners, yet think what contrition thou must have shewn, what sorrow experienced, before thou couldst have flattered thyself with the hopes of pardon! But, hadst thou been deprived of that only hope, and fallen (thy sins unexpiated) by the hand of an offended brother, the bare idea fills my soul with horror, think what must have been the dreadful consequence! When you received the challenge from Cornelius, you ought not only to have refused it, but to have made every reparation in your power. This doctrine may appear new, and strange to men of modern honour; but believe me, my friend, it was the only method left to retrieve that honour your conduct had forfeited, and regain the esteem of the rational part of mankind. Instead of endeavouring to deprive an aged father of a much loved son, and a sister, already made miserable by your artful baseness, of an affectionate brother, you ought, most certainly, to have poured the balm of comfort into their wounds, and to have re-

stored to the utmost of your power, that peace of mind you have robbed them of."

Antonio listened to this advice with the utmost attention. His heart was softened, was convinced; the tear of contrition, an incense Heaven accepts, shone in his eye; he longed to be reconciled to his injured friend, yet doubted his forgiveness; he put forth his hand towards him, and then, as if conscious of the unworthiness of the offer, drew it back again.

The tear, which stood in his eye, now trickled down his cheek; Cornelius saw his emotion, dropped a sympathetic tear, and to spare his feelings, generously flew to his embrace.

Those only who have experienced the pleasures of reconciliation, can judge of the feelings of Cornelius and Antonio; nor can those, who have not acted the godlike part of mediator, conceive the heart-felt satisfaction of Candidus.

Antonio now assured Cornelius of his conviction and reformation, and promised to make every reparation in his power. To Candidus he returned his most unfeigned thanks, who, he said, had saved him from inevitable destruction.

On their way home, Candidus thus addressed himself to Cornelius: "Though I am pleased with your affection for your sister, I cannot approve the method you took to revenge her injuries; I say revenge, for by such proceeding they could not be redressed; as you could not think a person of Antonio's character would be, by fear, compelled to make reparation. By punishing injuries, we assume that right which we are expressly told, belongs to GOD alone, doubt his omniscience, or betray a want of confidence in his justice, all of which must be highly displeasing to that POWER who sees, and at his good time will redress and avenge our wrongs. Hurried on by passion, we are apt to inflict punishment more than adequate to the offence, which cannot fail of incurring the displeasure of that BEING, whose darling attribute is mercy." Cornelius thanked him for his advice, and promised in future to pay a proper regard to it. They now arrived at Antonio's house, where they passed the day in the greatest harmony; and the next morning set out to the village, where Alicia lived. Immediately on their arrival, Cornelius informed his father and sister of the happy change in Antonio, and, by his kind intercession, obtained for him the forgiveness of both. In a few days Antonio received the hand of Alicia, with whom he has ever since lived in a state of the highest happiness, and is now convinced there can be no *true honour* which does not coincide with the priciples of *morality*.

SELECTED.

REFLECTIONS ON AGRICULTURE.

(continued from page 200.)

"ALL this while the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant; except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property of lands (for the sake of Agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities. This practice is still retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil states, like the Tartars and others in the East; where the climate itself, and the boundless extent of their territory, conspire to retain them still in the same savage state of vagrant liberty which was universal in the earliest ages; and which Tacitus says continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire. We have also a striking example of the same kind in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot.* When their joint substance became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compose: 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.' This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either, to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. 'And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east; and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

Upon the same principle, was founded the migration or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother country was overcharged with inhabitants; which was prac-

* Gen. ch. xiii.

tised as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the stocking and cultivation of desert uninhabited countries, it kept strictly within the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out and massacreing the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason, or to Christianity, deserved well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

"As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged the art of AGRICULTURE. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear, that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities without the assistance of tillage: But who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch the opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art and labour? Had not therefore a separate property in lands, as well as moveables, been vested in some individual, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now, so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together, the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species by giving it opportunities of improving its *rational* faculties, as well as exerting its *natural*. Necessisty begat property; and, in order to ensure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants; states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their mutual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was

given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science."

Thus has agriculture been eventually the source, not merely of the conveniencies and comforts, but of the pleasures and elegancies of life. But if we are content to estimate dignity by immediate usefulness, agriculture is undoubtedly the first and noblest science. It is indeed the only essential art; for it can live without all others, but no other can live without it. It is like speech, without which no society of men can be preserved; while other arts are like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. *(to be continued.)*

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

When Sigismond, king of Sweden, was elected king of Poland, he made a treaty with the states of Sweden, by which he obliged himself to pass every fifth year in that kingdom. In the course of time, being constrained by the wars he had with the Ottoman court, with Muscovy, and Tartary, to remain in Poland to animate by his presence the wars he held with such powerful enemies, he failed, during fifteen years, of accomplishing his promise. To remedy this, in some shape, by the advice of the Jesuits, who had gained the ascendant over him, he created a senate, which was to reside at Stockholm, composed of forty chosen Jesuits, to decide on every affair of state. He published a declaration in their favour, and presented them with letters-patent by which he cloathed them with the royal authority.

While this senate of Jesuits was at Dantzic, waiting for a fair wind to set sail for Stockholm, he published an edict, that they should receive them as his own Royal person. A public council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigismond, the prelates, and the lords, resolved to prepare for them a splendid and magnificent entry.

But, in private council they came to very contrary resolutions; for the Prince said, he could not bear that a senate of priests should command, in preference to all the honours and authority of so many princes and lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this holy senate. It was then the archbishop rose, and said—"Since Sigismond has disdained to be our king, so also we must not acknowledge him as such; and from this moment we should no more consider ourselves his subjects. His authority is in *suspenso*, because he has bestowed it on the Jesuits who form

this senate. The people have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of resignation on the one side, and assumption on the other, I dispense you all of the fidelity the King may claim from you as his Swedish subjects." When he had said this, the prince of Bithynia, addressing himself to prince Charles, uncle of the king, said—"I own no other king than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate subjects, and to assist us to drive these vermin from the state." All the others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful monarch.

Having resolved to keep their declaration for some time secret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this senate in their entry into the harbour, who were on board a great galleon, which they had caused to cast anchor two leagues from Stockholm, that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fire-works they had prepared would appear to the greatest advantage. About the time of their reception, prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-five or thirty vessels, appeared before the senate. Wheeling about, and forming a caracol of ships, they discharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galleon of this senate, which had its sides pierced through with the balls. The galleon was immediately filled with water, and sunk, without one of the unfortunate Jesuits being assisted; on the contrary, they cried to them that this was the time to perform some miracle, such as they were accustomed to do in India and Japan; and if they chose, they could walk on the waters.

The report of the cannon, and the smoke which the powder occasioned, prevented either their cries or submersion from being observed; and, as if they were conducting the senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they sung *Te Deum;* and, to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for the ill-fated senate.

The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter part of his life, that he wrote to James I. for assistance, in these words: "Help me dear sovreign lord and master! and pity me so far, that I, who have been born to a *bag*, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a *wallet;* nor that I who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live."

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

A SERENADE.

RECITATIVE.

CLEAR is the sky; the gentlest breezes blow;
The moon and stars give grateful light;
The river's silv'ry currents murm'ring flow;
Oh, charming scene! Delightful night!

AIR.

Wake, MARIA, from thy slumbers,
Hear the love-dictated song;
View admirers flock in numbers,
And beneath thy window throng.

Rouse! outshine Diana's splendour,
With the radiance of thy eyes;
Smiling, speak, in accents tender,
And surpass the smiling skies.

* * * * * * * *

How lovely is the month of May!
How pleasing bliss succeeding pain!
How sweet is fond affection's lay!
How dear is liberty to man!

Yet lovelier far a fav'rite's face;
More blest the feelings that we prove;
More sweet, enchanting, is each grace,
Of the dear fair one whom we love!

* * * * * * * *

Sleep, then sleep, thou fair one charming;
Pow'rs divine thy eyelids close;
May no dreams nor fears alarming,
Interrupt thy calm repose:

Guardian angels still befriend thee,
Hov'ring round thy peaceful bed;
Blissful feelings still attend thee;
Blissful thoughts compose thy head!

CLOSE.

Be all thy sleep in time divinely sweet,
In visions of bright worlds above;
And may the final morn thy slumbers greet,
With heav'nly beauty, joy and love.

EDWIN.